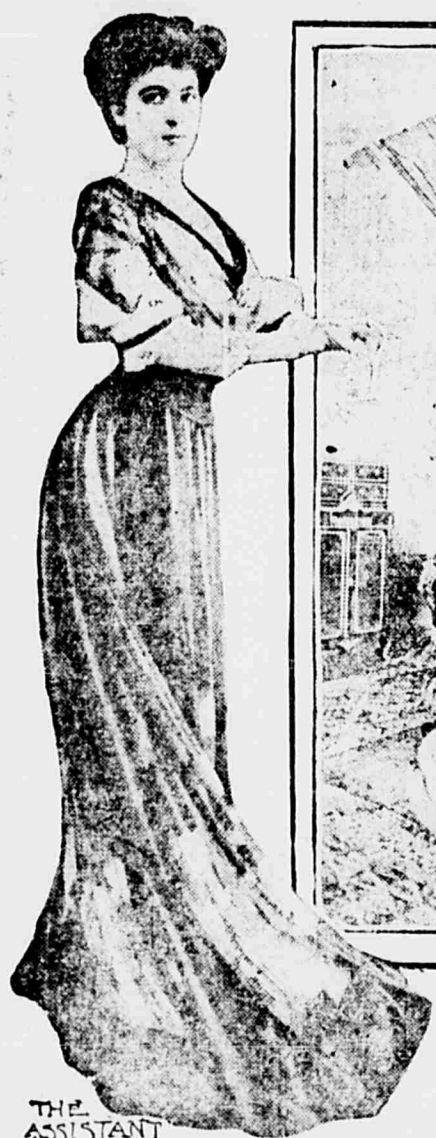
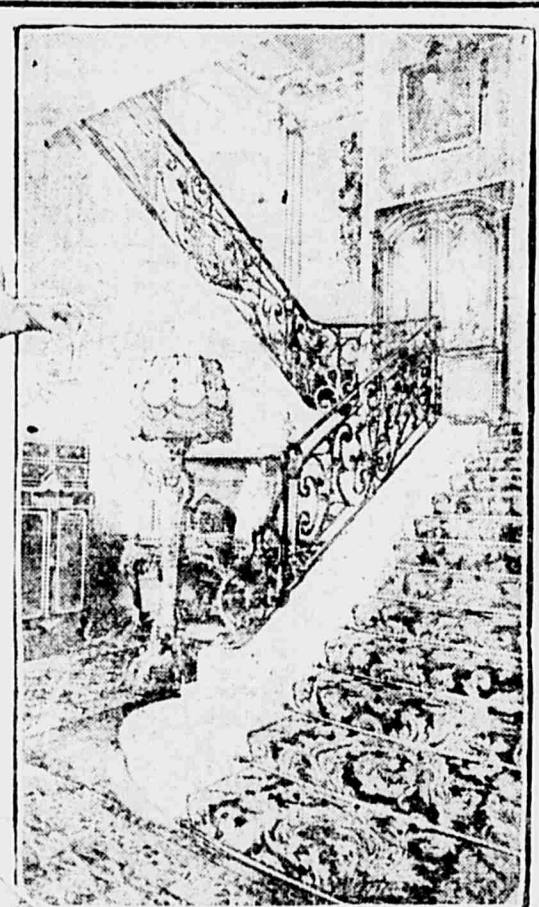


Have You Tried the Luxury of a \$1,000 Beauty Cure?



THE ASSISTANT
IN
WORKING
CLOTHES



THE STAIRWAY



RESTING
BETWEEN
TREATMENT

CORNER OF
RECEPTION
ROOMS



TEA IS SERVED IN THE AFTERNOON

By Margaret Hubbard Ayer

THE last word in luxury has been attained by the present apotheosis of the beauty parlor. Beauty parlor is hardly the right word. They ought to be called "Beauty Palaces" for the exterior on account of their magnificent interiors and you needn't go there unless you've got a \$1,000 bill.

I dropped into one just off the avenue the other day to keep an appointment with a friend, who wrote me that she would be at "Mme. Rosalie's" all day, from 10 o'clock on.

It was a few minutes after 10 when some lady's sumptuous palms and was I mounted Mme. Rosalie's handsome mahogany staircase overshadowed by the Temple of Beauty. Her High Priestess,

A handsome young woman, was dressing up the day's work. Her wearing clothes consisted of a snug-fitting, white dress with pale mauve mirror satin, trimmed with bands of pale blue velvet and very good lace around the yoke and sleeves.

This elegant personage informed me that my friend had not arrived yet, but that I could sit down and wait if I liked. The magnificence of the place was somewhat overpowering when you realized that it was a shop. The decorations were Louis Seize in gold and white, and the chairs were upholstered in tapestry of the period which, though probably not genuine, certainly looked it. There were vases of flowers in shades of the palest yellow, tulips and frezias standing round on low tables. And everything, from the frack of the saleswoman to the shades on the electric lights, represented the latest word in the perfections of French color combinations.

some trouble in giving her highly polished nails and white arms a finishing touch, issued orders to one of the many maids who were flitting about.

"Mrs. Orke will be here all day, and she will have lunch sent over from the Waldorf. There will be a party of five ladies for tea so you'll have to bring out the larger tea table. They've ordered French pastries from Henri's. Be sure that that Savres cup is replaced that was broken yesterday. The price of it is to go on Mrs. —'s bill."

"Are your customers in the habit of staying here all day?" I inquired of this beautiful creature.

"Oh, yes, our treatment is a very long one when the customers wish to take the entire course. Many of our cus-

tomers come here early in the morning and don't go away till five or six o'clock at night, or just in time to go home and dress for dinner. They rest between treatments. I will show you the lounge room, if you like."

The vision in mauve led the way to a large room done in dull tones of green, where there were several very comfortable couches with small screens hiding one couch from the other. Before each couch there was a small table with writing materials and on a lower shelf some magazines.

"What is the price of your treatment?"

The assistant beauty specialist in her working gown of mauve satin looked at me somewhat doubtfully.

price of a course is from \$350 to \$500, according to the needs of the customer."

Just then the friend with whom I was to keep the appointment rushed in with many apologies and was ushered into a small but exquisitely appointed dressing-room, where she took off her outer-clothing and put on a silk kimono.

"Don't you love Rosalie's?" said this lady of much wealth. "Of course it's most expensive. It's really an extravagance to come here, for by the time you've had your treatment and bought all the things you are expected to buy in the way of face creams and face powders for cleansing the face at night and astringent lotions at \$10, and rouges at \$40, besides perfumes and sachets, and paid for luncheons from across the way and teas and tips for

everybody all around, a \$1,000 bill is soon gone. But the treatment is splendid. Why I know one woman with absolute crooked feet and she lost them after a course of the treatments. She said she paid \$50 for the treatment, but that wasn't half of the money she had expended in the shop on other things."

Just then the mauve satin lady returned and knocked softly at the door. "If Madam is ready, we will begin," she murmured, fastening the last button of an exquisite Valenciennes edged muslin apron which had eclipsed the splendor of her gown for the time being.

"I'm sorry, the treatments are quite secret," she objected, as I was about to follow.

"Nonsense," said my friend, "you know perfectly well it's just the ordinary kind of massage. But it's good massage and the place is so pretty we like to come."

The attendant looked inexpressibly pained that such commonplace words should be used in regard to her secret treatments, and with the air of a martyr she closed the door on my retreating form.

New Name for Them.

ONE rainy afternoon Aunt Sue was explaining the meaning of various words to her young nephew. "Now, an heirloom, my dear means something that has been handed down from father to son," she said.

"Well," replied the boy, thoughtfully, "that's a queer name for my pants."

Our Business Girls at Luncheon

Where
They
Eat.

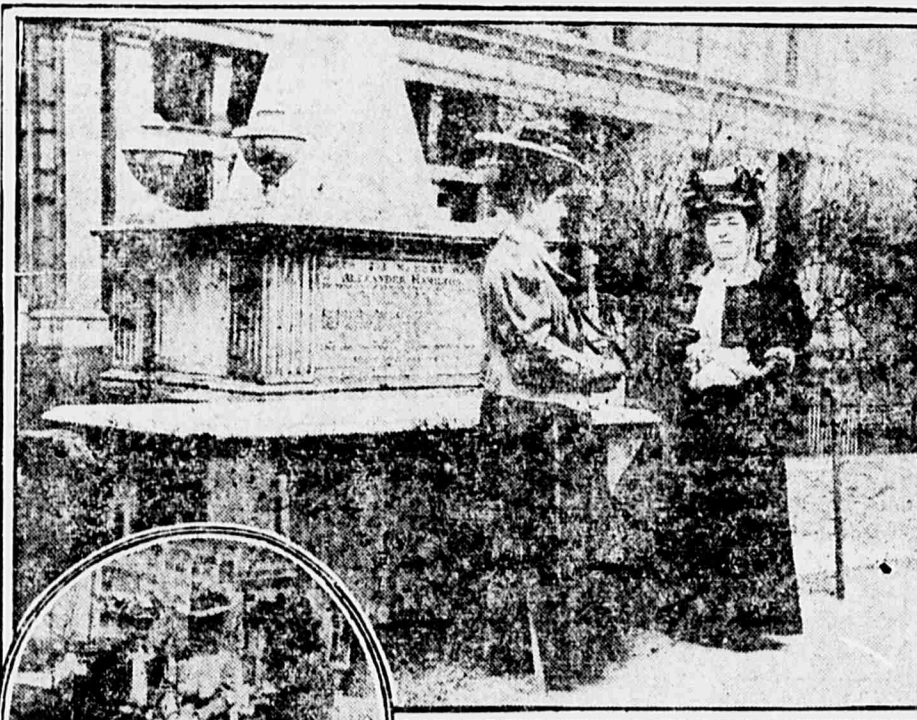
By Catherine King.

THE first sunshiny day sees the downtown business girl eating her luncheon perched on some old tombstone in Trinity or St. Paul's churchyard.

It is a strange commentary on the changing of manners and customs that the girl of to-day, toiling with the men, finds a slight comfort in kicking her feet against the sides of a tomb of some old Knickerbocker dame who would have had the vapors or the megrims at the very thought of a girl working and having no more cheerful place to lunch than on a tombstone.

But the girls who lunch in the churchyards are not worried by the spooks, and lunches take better for the breath of sweet, fresh air.

One of the greatest stumbling blocks in the path of the business girl is the food question. Correct feeding is the most important problem for her to solve, for proper diet with proper breathing means health and success. And until she has solved this individual problem of eating wisely and well she has before her one of the nightmares of the woman who works, a disordered stomach, indigestion and all the ills that follow in its train.



FEASING AMONG
THE TOMBS

The helper-helper, hurry-skurry business of the business girl are a sad chapter, and it is a wonder that at the very start of her career a girl is not impressed with the necessity of carefully feeding the delicate organism of which she expects so much during the day.

The manager of the girls' lunch club who was handing out coffee and sandwiches to a long line of tired-looking girls, took the time to say a few words on the subject of the "no-breakfast" plan, which has become a sort of fad with many business girls. "Do you see those two girls over there in blue?" said the head of the club. "Those girls are typical of the anemic, badly-fed working girls. There is no reason why they should not eat nourishing and healthy food. We

have to have them at the same price as the other food, but anything substantial, like macaroni and cheese, for instance, doesn't appeal to them. It hasn't got taste enough, they complain. And you just saw me hand that girl out a cup of coffee, a chocolate russe and two pickles. Their stomachs are in such bad condition that only very much spiced food appeals to them, and they think they need coffee to keep them awake during the rest of the afternoon. They tell me they never take anything for breakfast but a cup of coffee. They take coffee for dinner, too. And week by week I see them getting sallow and more bloodless looking, and I am sure that when spring comes they will be forced to go to a doctor, who will cut off coffee first of all and put them on a sensible diet. The girls who don't eat breakfast usually haven't energy or physical strength enough to last out to 12 or 1 o'clock. A cup of coffee is merely a nerve irritant without any nutrition at all, and half the girls in this room haven't time to take anything more in the morning. You will find, if you watch carefully, that the women who

are going to make successes of themselves study the diet question very carefully after having made a few mistakes at first, and that they feed themselves just exactly as if they were high-priced and expensive machines that require oiling at regular intervals.

This view of the question is the only sensible one to take. We are first of all what we think, and then what we eat. And once we waken to the fact of the importance of correct diet for the maintenance, not only of health and looks, but of life itself the sacrifices that right feeding entails should not count for anything.

There are many famous systems of dieting. And each has its staunch supporters. Personally, I cannot think that a strictly vegetarian diet is suitable for the young girl, still growing probably, who has to toil among the disadvantages of what may be called the strenuous life. If we all lived and worked in places where fresh air and sunlight were as prevalent as gloom and bad ventilation are now we could be flourishing vegetarians, since pure air is as much a food as anything we eat. But under

present-day conditions one office in a thousand is well ventilated, and haven't seen that office yet.

To counteract the de-vitalizing influence of foul air and lack of light I believe that meat in moderate quantities is necessary, particularly for the growing girl and for the woman under twenty-five or thirty.